

this vicinity November 10, 1878. These dates may serve to show that the species is a pretty early spring- and a late fall-migrant. In regard to its habits I can only repeat what others have said again and again, namely that it is a great hider. My attention was called to the bird by a low call not unlike the characteristic chirp of the Song Sparrow, but peculiarly sharp and shrill. Going for the bird, it darted out from one bush into another, a distance of about ten yards. I saw it alight in the middle of the bush on the ground and determined to watch the little stranger. I kept my eyes fixed on him for fully ten minutes, but he remained motionless and silent, and his patience seemed unimpaired when mine was all gone.

The capture of *Dendroica kirtlandi*, male, May 8, 1885, is worthy of special mention, as it is the first record of its occurrence west of the Mississippi River. It may also be new to learn that this Warbler is in its general ways mostly like *D. palmarum*. It flew up from the ground on the River des Pires, a few yards from the water, and alighted behind a bush a few feet from the ground. One glance at the bird was sufficient to tell me that it was a Kirtland's Warbler; such a peculiar looking bird it is. Concealing myself I watched the bird for a few minutes, and found that its habits seem to be terrestrial, that it has the *same wagging motion* of the tail as the Yellow Redpole, but that in the carriage of its body and in the manner of evading discovery by skilfully alighting behind a protecting object it resembles *Oporornis*.—OTTO WIDMANN, *St. Louis, Mo.*

**On the Feeding Habits of *Phalænoptilus nuttalli*.**—Just without the picket fence that encloses in part the parking of my present residence at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, then runs a wide board-walk. Beyond this is a broad, well-kept gravel road, standing between the former and an open level plot of ground of about an acre's extent. For a number of evenings past my neighbors have tried to induce me to come out and see a strange-acting bird that disported itself in this roadway, between twilight and dark. I paid little heed to this, as from its description I believed it to be the half-grown young of the *Chordeiles* of this region, which is very abundant in the neighborhood. Last night, however, the bird having been described to me as a small Owl with a white throat, by one of its observers, I took my cane-gun and made a search for it up and down the road-way. I had not far to go, when, as well as I could see by the light of a very young moon, I noticed a small, dark-brownish looking bird apparently amusing himself by making short jumps of two feet or more up in the air, then resting on the road to repeat the performance in a moment or so. Another was going through similar capers on the broad walk. They seemed to be perfectly oblivious to my presence, and, indeed, some children further along were trying to catch them with their hands. As I had never heard the note of the Poor-wills in the vicinity, it did not strike me at first that it might be this bird; moreover, its action was so odd that I hardly knew what to make of it. At any rate one soon noiselessly lit, like a great, gray moth, directly in front of me in the road, but a few feet distant. It was extremely difficult to see him, and it was more

by good luck than good shooting that the little pinch of shot from my cane-gun knocked him over, though the weapon rarely fails me in day-time. I immediately ran up to my study with my prize, where I discovered that I had killed a fine specimen of Nuttall's Poor-will. As the skeleton of this bird had long been among my desiderata, the skin and its beautiful plumage was soon stripped off, whereupon I was much surprised to find in its mouth some four or five quite sizable moths, and the upper portion of the œsophagus filled with a wad of a dozen or fifteen more. Fully half of these were yet alive, and two or three managed to fly away when freed from the bodies of their more disabled companions. This, then, is what the bird was up to; instead of flying about as a Nighthawk does, taking his insect prey in a conspicuous manner upon the wing, he captures it in the way I have described above.

To-night the moon is twenty-four hours older, and the evening proportionately brighter, but a careful search for over half an hour failed to discover a single specimen of the bird on the same ground. I am not aware that any of the other Caprimulgidæ have similar habits.—DR. R. W. SHUFELDT, *Fort Wingate, New Mexico.*

**Colaptes auratus in California.**—During the early part of January, 1885, I took at this place a female of a species I at first thought to be *C. hybridus* Baird, but which I soon became satisfied was *C. auratus*; and upon consulting Mr. Robert Ridgway, who examined the bird, I found my conclusion correct. The bird had been observed for nearly a fortnight frequenting a house near by, and at last it paid with its life for its persistency. Soon after I saw two others of this species, but as I had no gun with me at the time they escaped, much to my regret. I am of the opinion that this bird frequents California more than is supposed, and is overlooked through being mistaken for *C. mexicanus*, which it much resembles, and which is so common as not to be collected in great numbers; and hence the few scattered specimens of *C. auratus* which may visit us are thus overlooked. We have at this place, and in fact all through the southern part of the State, at regular intervals, and lasting generally three days, heavy wind storms, amounting at times almost to tornados. The bird was first seen just after one of these wind storms, and it may be that this had something to do with the bird's having wandered so far from its accustomed haunts, but this seems very improbable. This, the only specimen that I have ever heard of as taken on the Pacific coast south of Sitka, is now the property of the National Museum, to which it was contributed by me.—FORREST BALL, *San Bernardino, Cal.*

**A. Hawk Owl (*Surnia ulula caparoch*) at Chatham, Mass.**—I am informed by Mr. Augustus W. Baker, of Chatham, Mass., that a Hawk Owl was shot at Chatham during the winter of 1883-'84. The specimen was not preserved, nor can the exact date be given, but Mr. Baker's intelligent and very accurate description of the bird, which he carefully examined, renders the record otherwise satisfactory and not in the least open to doubt.—J. A. ALLEN, *American Museum of Natural History, New York City.*